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WILLIAM WHITING BORDEN

A SHORT LIFE COMPLETE IN CHRIST

"I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me."
Galatians 2: 20.

By CHARLES SOUTTER CAMPBELL
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WILLIAM WHITING BORDEN

I. Life Prior to Entering College

This Yale man was born in Chicago, November 1, 1887. His home was one of refinement and comfort. His mother was an earnest and capable woman, of fine Christian character; his father a successful business man, of brilliant mind, a lover of home and children. Bill inherited his father's business ability and fairness of mind; he had, as well, his mother's earnest faith and intensity. From both he inherited the affectionate nature that throughout life was one of his finest traits.

It was in such surroundings that Bill spent his boyhood days. The parents planned for their children the very best training and education. Spiritual guidance and influences were prominent and the Bible had the place of importance, so that Bill early became acquainted with its characters and its teaching. There were four children in the Borden family. Bill was the third, having a brother and sister older and a second sister younger than himself. His relations with this younger sister were especially close and affectionate. When she was a very small baby, Bill wrote the following letter about her: "I think the baby is awful cunning. It has a little cold in her head. One day the butcher came in and found the maids all so happy because was a little baby, so he told Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Hatch told Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Stone told Mrs. Sheldon. Good by from William Borden."

Bill was a boy through and through. He was so

active and enthusiastic that he was always getting into trouble. He fell off a wagon and sprained his wrists, slid down a ladder and cut his hands, and was in many scrapes that live boys of his age fall heir to. He saw a bit of gang life, running the streets with his cousin and other companions. There were fights and fights. There was the little candy shop, where the candy was displayed in open trays, from which these boys would pilfer a piece when no one was looking.

During this period, there seemed to be an eagerness to work hard at tasks that men are engaged in. Bill toiled all day to clean an old cider press, which he had been told was too dirty for use and could not be cleaned. He worked by the day with the hands of a strawberry-box factory and did it just for the fun. When a wreck was cast up on the lake shore, he and his cousin spent the day working with the regular laborers and were paid off with the rest at night.

During these early years, Bill went to school in Chicago, attending several different schools and doing good scholarship work in them all. One of these schools was the scene of an escapade which shows the love of adventure that characterized him as a boy. He and his cousin wished to get into the school gymnasium one Saturday but found the building locked when they reached the school. After a short search, they discovered the coal hole, through which they dropped and groped their way to the gymnasium. They played there for some time, took a shower and left without being detected.

When thirteen years old, Bill entered the Hill School. Here he was much interested in athletics and followed keenly the fortunes of the Hill teams; he went out for football and was a first team substitute

before he left the School. The scores of the various games figure often in his letters home. He was a lover of all forms of competition and enjoyed every sort of trick or stunt. A favorite one was to stand on his head and in that position drink a cup of water. He showed at this time evidence of care of money. To one of his letters to his father, he appends the following account:

Football supplies	$ 3.20
Posters	1.05
Contribution	.50
Clothes pressed	1.00
Eatables	.20
Screw driver	.14
Book rack	.20
Picture wire	.20
Class paper	1.90
Clothes	1.00
Eph's [restaurant]	1.00
Paper	.30
Stamps	.02
Eph's	.10
Contribution	1.00
Window cushions	9.98
Hill banner	.50
Thumb tacks	.09
Car fare	.10
Soda	.15
Pillow	1.50
Reading room fee	1.00
Eph's	.35
Contribution	.65
Stamps	.10
	$26.23

His letters give further glimpses of his school life: a prize in geometry at the close of his first year; secre-

tary of a debating club; learning his oration and wishing the thing was over; president of the mission band in his sixth form year. He shows interest in the chapel preachers and writes his mother giving the text and sketch of the sermons of a number of these, commenting in school boy fashion on preacher and sermon. "He was great!" or "He was very sad!" show the boyish yet positive manner in which he sized up some of the speakers.

In June of 1904, Bill graduated from the Hill School, in scholarship rating as one of the first four in his class. Before entering Yale, he took a year's trip around the world with an older friend. They started from the Borden summer home in Maine, in early August of 1904. Japan was the first country reached, after crossing the United States and the Pacific. Here Bill first saw missionaries at work. That he became interested from the start is evident, for he gave to one of them half of an allowance he had just received from his father. Shortly after reaching China, Bill had typhoid fever and celebrated his first Christmas away from home in a hospital in Hongkong. Fortunately, his illness was not severe so that it was not long before he was able to go on with the trip. The travelers moved on from China to India and to Egypt. Bill's interest in missions kept growing as he saw more distinctly the destitution of these countries and the inadequacy of their religions to meet the needs of the hearts of the people. In Egypt, they saw Cairo, the Nile, the Pyramids and Karnak, and then passed on to Constantinople, Athens, Syria and Palestine. They spent some time in Switzerland and Paris. In Switzerland, Bill climbed some of the mountains and was from that time an enthusi-

astic mountain climber. On a later visit, he climbed a number of the highest mountains in the Swiss Alps. In Paris, he took automobile lessons and became proficient in driving a machine, though one day he ran into a motor-cyclist and had to pay a fine.

From France, Bill crossed to England and went at once to London. Dr. R. A. Torrey was then holding evangelistic meetings in the Grand Hall on the Strand. Under date of July 2, Bill wrote in his diary: "I went back to Grand Hall Strand at 6.30 when it was already quite well filled. Mr. Alexander leading. Fine address. I was much helped and surrendered all to Jesus at the invitation while Miss Davis was singing the song. Out about 9.30." Here then is Bill, at seventeen years of age, calmly saying, "I was much helped and surrendered all to Jesus." He had been following Christ before this time, it is true, but this new decision meant the complete consecration of his life to Christ. Bill had been an average Christian before; this step made it possible for God to use him as He cannot use those who are only partly His.

About a month later, Bill arrived in Boston. In the spirit of his new-made surrender to Jesus Christ, he now entered Yale in September of 1905.

II. Borden at Yale

Bill roomed in Garland's, occupying a second floor rear room which served as both bedroom and study. Garland's, in those days, was one of the sweller dormitories for freshmen. Pierson Hall was just opposite, while on both sides of York Street were a number of private dormitories. Bill was thrown into the life of

this large university only a month or two after the close of his world tour and his life decision for Christ. It is no wonder if at first he felt somewhat lonely and seemed to find few friends of like mind. Everywhere about him were the hustle and uncertainty of freshman beginnings. There is a sense of adjustment and of feeling one's way that pervades the atmosphere during the first few days of college life. It seemed as though everyone used a "trot" and Sunday study was almost universal. All this was contrary to Bill's home training and to his own convictions as well.

In spite of his natural feelings of loneliness and adjustment, Bill was soon in the thick of the work and play of college life. He went out for the freshman football team, got in touch with the religious work of the college and went to work at his studies. His connection with the Christian Association was quickly established, and he soon made friends with others who were interested in the Cause of Christ. He served on the committee in charge of the religious work of his class and soon stamped himself as a leader in the Christian activities of the college. In spite of his age, he was far more mature in faith than many considerably older. His grasp of the fundamentals was, even at this time, firm and assured. He had already decided to become a foreign missionary. A fixed purpose of this sort gives a man a great singleness of aim that steadies not only himself, but those with whom he is thrown in contact, and Bill's character had a solidity about it directly traceable to his surrender to Christ for a life of service among unchristianized peoples. Interested as he was in football and in all the wholesome activities of college, Bill let it be known with no uncertainty that his heart was

first in the service of his Master. He was evangelistic in spirit from the beginning of his college course, ever watching for opportunities for spreading the faith he believed so firmly himself. An illustration of this occurred in freshman year. He found that a student, whom he had known before he entered Yale, was drifting into open and flagrant sin and Bill set about reaching him with Christ's message of salvation. He learned that his friend had gone to Savin Rock one evening and went after him. He found him in some low dive in company with a woman of the street. In some way, almost by force, Bill managed to get hold of his friend and bring him back to New Haven. Perhaps he did not use just the same strong-arm methods in later years, but he always sought with just the same earnestness to lead men to a saving knowledge of Christ. This was never easy for him, and his letters tell of times when his courage failed and he did not embrace the opportunities that came to him.

Football season was now over and Bill had failed to make the team. He had practiced hard throughout the season and was a first substitute for a line position. During the winter, Bill spent his time of exercise wrestling in the gymnasium. He liked nothing better than to have his face rubbed in the wrestling mat or to be rubbing someone's else face in it. He was a hard man to down, and, though he never made the wrestling team, he was well up with the best of his weight.

In February the Student Volunteer Movement held its quadrennial conference at Nashville, and Bill was one of the Yale delegation to attend. Studies were dropped for the time, and the trip was made by special train, crowded with delegates from many colleges and

universities. Bill always had much superfluous energy to get rid of and did this on the trip by roughhouse and rather violent games which originated often from his fertile brain. The baggage car proved to be the only available place for extended activity, and to it a number of the delegates resorted for games of "hot-hand," high-kicking contests and other such games.

Arrived at Nashville, the delegates separated for the various homes in which they were to be entertained. About four thousand accredited delegates attended this conference, coming from colleges and universities in every part of the country. The great hall accommodated nearly five thousand and was crowded each meeting. Here Bill spent a week of intense interest. The speakers on inspirational and missionary subjects were all of the best, and each had its own appeal. Still, out of the many-sided, world-wide pictures, Bill was particularly interested in what he heard of the Moslems. S. M. Zwemer of Arabia spoke a number of times on the Mohammedan countries, and Bill was usually present. The Moslem problem gripped him to such an extent that his interest in it was very keen from this time on. He had been looking forward to being a missionary in China, but now began to think seriously about going to Arabia or some other Mohammedan country.

On the return journey, a side trip was made to the Mammoth Cave. Soon, however, all the Yale men were back in New Haven and hard at work making up for lost time. The conference made a very deep impression on the delegates from Yale. Many saw at Nashville something of the world vision that Bill had gained in his trip around the world. Missionary activities in the college took on new life. The churches of

New Haven and vicinity were visited by groups of two or three returned delegates, who told briefly about the conference and its call to world evangelization. Bill, with two others, formed one of the teams which visited three of the New Haven churches. He writes home about failure in speaking at one of these churches and attributes the failure to "pride and ambition inside."

In the spring of 1906, Mr. Borden died in Chicago. This was a very heavy loss for Bill, who had loved his father greatly. This sad event also brought new responsibilities into his life. He was only eighteen and a half years old but bore the added cares with great patience. Mrs. Borden was in poor health for a time, which further added to Bill's responsibilities. Quietly he assumed all such cares and faithfully attended to them in addition to his own work at college. There seemed to be no worry or friction with it all. Surely it was his life purpose of allegiance to Christ that enabled Bill to live so quietly and serenely, bearing other's burdens, as well as his own, in the spirit of Him who bears our burdens and makes smooth the rough places for our feet.

The summer of freshman year was spent in Camden, Maine, where the Borden summer home is located. The house stands well up above the water, overlooking Penobscot Bay, with its many islands. Ocean, lakes and mountains are all near by and there is opportunity for almost every kind of outdoor recreation. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming, boating and especially sailing the sloop, *Tsatsawassa*—all had their share in making the vacation a happy and healthy one. Bill enjoyed particularly a two or three days' cruise. Once he sailed to Deer Island to pick

up a classmate and cruised with him from there to Bar Harbor. Coming by Mount Desert, an off-shore squall struck the boat, with all sail set, and threatened to tear out the mast. It was a sight to see Bill throwing every ounce of his truly unusual strength on the wheel in his endeavor to keep the boat pointing far enough off-shore. The result of all this was the boat heeled over so far that his classmate, who was trying to get the jib down, went up to his waist in water.

Even in this vacation time, following on his freshman year, Bill showed a sense of balance, that was further evidence of unusual maturity. He had decided to anticipate a French course and stuck to the summer work this necessitated with a perseverance that all who have tried such summer work can appreciate. Nor did Bill take a holiday in his work for Christ. He spoke at open-air Y. M. C. A. services and at Christian Endeavor and other church meetings. He told the drunken gardener about Christ and had the joy of seeing this man finding peace and respectability in Him. Bill's faith was deepened, and he returned from his vacation praising Him who had promised that He, if He were lifted up, would draw all men unto Himself.

During sophomore year he roomed in the "Hutchinson" on Crown Street. His roommates were of a different type from Bill. No doubt he had chosen them with the hope and prayer that he might lead them closer to his Master. He had determined to do better scholarship work in sophomore year than as a freshman, as he had not been satisfied with his first year's work. He was anxious to make Phi Beta Kappa and set out to do it. He wanted to play football, but gave up the game at his mother's request. His interest in

the Y. M. C. A. was quickened, if anything, and he increasingly gave time and thought to this work. He seemed to find time for regular exercise and many other things besides his studying.

The society question was prominent in his thoughts at this time. The junior fraternities were soon to give out their first elections. Much prayer and thought and consultation on this matter only served to deepen Bill's belief that he should not accept election if it was offered to him, and he let his decision be known. How bitter the mental struggle was, any Yale man can picture to himself. Bill occupied a position of real prominence which undoubtedly would have made him an early choice for a fraternity. His brother and uncle had both been fraternity and senior society men, so Bill had an inheritance which would naturally attract him to the fraternities. Further than this, his close friends in college, many of them earnest Christian men, were expecting to accept fraternity election should this be offered them. Yet Bill stood firm in his decision. It may be that the average Yale undergraduate will be moved to exclaim in disgust, "What foolishness have we here!" It is well to consider carefully before judgment is pronounced. Yale man, if you thought such a stand was right, yet knew that you were practically certain of early election to any fraternity you wished, would you have the courage to take the stand Bill did? Here was no ordinary courage. Here was the conviction that for Bill Borden it was not right to be a fraternity man and, with the conviction, the courage to abide by it came to him.

What reason could there be for such a decision? Back in London more than two years before, Bill had given himself to a Master for life service. The bond

between him and his Master had become stronger and stronger, and he did not wish any secret fraternity bond to come into his life lest it might weaken the bond of friendship with Christ. Bill was always out in the open. It seemed like walking in the dark to join a secret organization. How real the struggle of it all was, only his mother and a few others in some small measure saw, but calmly he made the decision which some said would cut him off from his position and influence entirely. As a classmate wrote about this decision, "Bill was willing to be 'a fool for Christ's sake,' and many people thought him such."

Shortly before the time of the first fraternity elections, Bill had been elected one of the four class deacons. He became increasingly earnest in the work of the Christian Association. Mission study and Bible study had his enthusiastic support. Towards the close of the winter term, W. J. Dawson conducted a series of special meetings at Yale. Something he said suggested to John Magee, '06, then general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the idea of a rescue mission connected with the work of the Association. He went to Bill and the two worked out the matter with the result that the Yale Hope Mission was started. This mission has since served the double purpose of a place of refuge and salvation for the hopeless bum of the streets and as a concrete evidence to the students themselves of the power of Christianity to save. It was not long before the chief responsibility for this mission rested upon Bill.

All this time there were the regular studies and the daily times of exercise. Bill was not a one-sided man at all, even though the casual observer may have stamped him as such. Body, mind and spirit came to

their own in his well-rounded character. Too often the important claims of the spirit are ignored, and this always results in real narrowness. In spite of this, there are many who seem to be content to live their lives without developing qualities of heart and soul, which are, after all, the most important.

Bill was back at college ready for hard work at the beginning of junior year. True to his determination to raise his stand during sophomore year he had succeeded and could look forward with practical certainty to election to Phi Beta Kappa. He took up rowing and made his class crew. In the Fall Regatta on Lake Whitney his crew won the class championship. He roomed now in White Hall. Some of his best friends lived near by. It was a favorite pastime to arouse Bill, to get him into a good roughhouse; not because anyone had a chance with him, but because it was really awe-inspiring to see him actually get going. He would tear around the room like a cyclone, completely overthrowing all who came in his way. With his knowledge of wrestling and his unusual strength, the average man found himself quite helpless. It was interesting to notice that such a roughhouse did not upset Bill's equilibrium for the evening. He would, after such times, quiet down and turn to his work with little waste time. It was just this sense of balance that enabled him to carry the many different tasks he did.

He was interested in many phases of religious work. He was active in the Volunteer Band, in Bible and mission study and in the Yale Hope Mission. He attended a daily prayer group this year as in the two previous ones. It was in a group such as this that his earnest, assured faith showed most brightly. There

was always someone whom he desired to see come to the saving and abiding presence of Christ, and for whom he would ask prayer. His simple faith in the Bible and its promises was evident to all who were with him in such gatherings as this and heard him read from the Bible and comment upon it. A classmate writes what many others thought about Bill and his power of working and accomplishing. "I say he let me work alongside of him, but what I did can't be called work when one is speaking of Bill. I had one puny little Bible class which I kept up but poorly and into which I put but little, either of time or enthusiasm. Bill did an enormous amount of work. My share consisted in going to meetings and taking part when occasion demanded and in worrying along with this group for Bible study. Bill's share consisted in conducting at least two such classes, in helping to get the Hope Mission started and in doing countless things which I never dreamed were going on. I remember how he used to work over various men in the class he thought were going wrong. Do you remember the way Joe Twichell said to us once, 'As for that man Borden, he'd go out after the worst skunk in the class'?"

Towards the close of the junior year, the senior society elections found Bill in the same frame of mind regarding accepting election to a secret organization. He was, however, offered an election to the Elihu Club and accepted.

In June of this year Bill attended the Northfield Conference with the Yale delegation. He had attended these summer conferences regularly and had been active in the delegations. He was essentially democratic and waited on the table at several of these

conferences. He taught a Bible class and worked hard in the interest of missions. He also took part in the ball games and other sports which are a great feature of the afternoons at Northfield.

Bill spent part of the summer vacation in Chicago, where he gained some experience in business, and part in Europe, where he went primarily to attend his sister's wedding in Switzerland. He enjoyed the business experience and said he could easily have become engrossed in ordinary business. When college opened for his senior year, Mrs. Borden took a house in New Haven for the winter. Bill, however, lived again on The Oval. It was during this year that his close friends were able to realize better how many extra cares he had which the average undergraduate never even thinks about. His mother's health was not good and Bill's loving care of her was very noticeable throughout the year. On November 1, Bill came of age and into actual possession of his fortune. For a careless man this would have meant little additional burden, but for an earnest man it meant real responsibility. His money was a trust and he the steward, who must give careful account of the use of the trust. He belonged to God and, of course, his money did too. So it was impossible for him to be flippant in his use of money.

Bill spent the Christmas vacation at Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, where he invited a number of friends to spend some days with him. He was on his vacation and he entered into the good times as he knew how to do so well. Tobogganing, tramping and indoor games, or whatever else it might be, Bill was in the thick of it. It was a great party and his rare social gifts and unselfishness were ever in evidence.

Senior year was a very happy one in many ways and a busy one too. Life was looming large, with the college course so nearly completed. Bill had long ago settled the foreign mission question and was now hoping to be able to go to the Moslems of China. It had been interesting for him to learn that there were some millions of Mohammedans there, for he now saw the chance of going to China and yet tackling the Moslem question at the same time. He had his attention directed especially to the northwestern part of China, where the Mohammedans were most numerous, but to which only a few missionaries had as yet gone. This attracted him the more, because he had a desire to do pioneer work, if God so willed.

The Yale Hope Mission had now expanded from the one rented room, where the services were held, to the entire building which was now owned, largely through Bill's generosity. The major part of the building was used as an inexpensive hotel for those who were in search of clean lodging. It was named the "Hotel Martin" after "Daddy Martin," a reformed drunkard who had been associated with the Mission from its founding. Every year there were many who heard Christ preached in the Mission and found Him able to save to the uttermost.

The social life during senior year was much the same as in previous years. Bill was the same happy, lovable fellow, though there were always those who thought him a little cold and severe; and so he did seem at times to those who did not really know him. He had a great heart of love underneath, which any who have felt his hearty slap on the back or his arm about their shoulders can vouch for. His impetuous way of going into things did one good. If there was

a car to be caught, a game to be played, or anything else to be done, Bill was the first to be about the doing of it.

Bill had made Phi Beta Kappa and was elected president of that organization in his senior year. This was one of the many evidences that his stand on the fraternity question had not hurt his influence or popularity. In this year it fell to Bill's lot, as president, to preside at the Phi Beta Kappa banquet. It was a striking illustration of his poise and maturity to see how naturally and appropriately he acted and spoke on this occasion.

After the final examinations were taken, there was a gap of four days before Commencement. Bill, with three classmates, went to Camden, planning to sail the *Tsatsawassa* back to New Haven. In spite of sailing night and day, prevailing head winds or calm made this impossible, so that the sailors only reached the southern side of Cape Cod, where they had to put ashore and take the train back to New Haven.

With Commencement time past and college days over, a happy and busy ten days were put in at Northfield, followed by a summer at Camden. Here the same mixture of open-air, active life, combined with work of a more serious nature, was in evidence. There were open-air meetings in the town and in a near-by recreation park. There were long cruises, sailing races, golf, tennis and swimming. One cruise was made at night in a gale, in which the tender was lost, but the *Tsatsawassa* came through safely. Another cruise was made to Nova Scotia.

III. At Princeton Seminary

Bill had been asked to return for another year as university secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His earnest evangelistic spirit, coupled with unusual ability for executive work, made this selection a good one; but Bill had his heart set on reaching his life work and he could not bear to think of putting this off a year. Moreover, though his convictions in the fundamental doctrines were strong, he confessed that he had been troubled by a number of questions during his college course and was very anxious to get to his seminary work, when he would have time to study into these questions and settle them as far as possible. So he decided that he would not return as university secretary.

In the fall he entered Princeton Seminary and was soon hard at work. He lived at home, as Mrs. Borden lived in Princeton during the three years of his seminary course. Bill took the full first-year course and several extra-curriculum courses,—among these being Arabic. He felt that he would be better prepared for his work in China, if he knew the language of the Koran and of the people to whom the Prophet had belonged. It was about this time that he outlined with Professor Beach of Yale a course of study in missions, looking forward to the M. A. degree. There was nothing halfway about such a preparation. It was deep and thoroughgoing.

Bill entered upon three years of busy, happy life at the Seminary. The studies were absorbing and the social life congenial. He was a member of the Benham Club, the oldest eating club of the Seminary. He played most of the games, but was especially fond of

tennis. He was a leader among the student volunteers of the Seminary and was always present at the early morning prayer service of the Volunteer Band each Wednesday.

In addition to the duties and pleasures that centered about his life in the Seminary, Bill had many responsibilities outside Princeton itself. In the fall of 1909 he had been made a trustee of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. In the spring of 1910 he was appointed delegate to the Edinburgh Missionary Conference by the China Inland Mission and in the fall was made one of the directors of the National Bible Institute of New York City. He also became a member of the American Council of the China Inland Mission and of the American Committee of the Nile Mission Press. It is easy to see that the calls on his time would be many. There are not many men of his age who could so well have handled the many duties that pressed upon him from many quarters. His singleness of purpose helped him and gave such direction to his life that no one, even among his best friends, saw anything but quiet, consistent, and unhurried doing of each task that fell to him. Almost every month he went to New Haven to look over the work of the Yale Hope Mission. The unusual feature of his relationship to all such organizations was that he was never satisfied with merely giving generous financial aid. In addition, he always gave time, thought and counsel, and he usually conducted a service at the Mission when he went to New Haven. New Haven, New York and Chicago trips succeeded one another and still he never seemed to neglect his work, though he carried a much heavier schedule than the average man. More than that, he stood very high in his scholarship.

Life at Princeton was brightened by the happy home influences that surrounded him. The Borden home was hospitably open to all. Students, missionaries and prominent lay workers were frequent visitors. The tennis court back of the house was the scene of many hotly contested games. In spite of his busy life, Bill never neglected his body. He made it a point to get an hour's exercise daily if it was possible. How his eyes would light up at the prospect of a good game of tennis! Back he would come from a class, hustle into his tennis clothes and then out to the court. He was never more than an average tennis player, but he played hard all the time and gave his opponent plenty of work.

He was careful not to neglect his morning and evening devotions. Though his classroom work was along religious lines, he never substituted it for the personal devotion and prayer that is absolutely essential to the Christian. It was his custom to read a chapter from the New Testament in the morning and two chapters from the Old Testament in the evening. He did so because in this way he would be able to read the entire Bible once each year. And what is more, he seems to have stuck faithfully to his program.

Bill spent the summer of 1910 in Europe. He first attended the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh. Following that he went to Norway to visit some friends. From Norway Bill proceeded to Germany and spent a month there studying the language. He had taken a year's work in German at Yale, and felt he could pick up a good deal of the spoken language, if he could live in Germany for a short time. So he spent a month, living with a German family, and he certainly made remarkable progress. A Yale class-

mate, whom Bill met in Switzerland just after his stay in Germany, found him carrying on a good conversation with those with whom he had occasion to talk in German. His mastery of the language was far from complete, but still he had a speaking knowledge of it that many a tourist would have envied. This was characteristic of Bill. He was gifted with the ability of seeing a thing, believing it was good and then going ahead and doing it. Once started, he rarely stopped before he had finished what he set out to accomplish.

Bill spent several days in Lucerne, where he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the sights and sports of the place. It was at times such as this that the social qualities of Bill were seen to advantage. He had a fertile imagination, a fund of ideas, and an enthusiasm that was contagious. On Sunday he attended the morning and afternoon services of the little Scotch mission church; and for anyone who knew Bill's habits of giving, it was easy to tell where the twenty-franc piece came from as it lay in the plate each service, equaling perhaps the entire remaining collection.

In the matter of giving, Bill always followed the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." He insisted that not even his initials should be put with a gift, when a list of benefactions was printed. He always asked that a gift of his should not be made public. It almost seemed to irritate him when he was found out. His best friends never knew even a small percentage of the gifts he was making. Many surprising incidents could be told, if all who have been helped by him could be induced to tell their stories. Bill's check book would show how little he spent for himself and how much he was con-

stantly giving to others. With it all, he gave wisely and conducted his financial affairs in a businesslike fashion.

Sailing on the *Minneapolis* of the Atlantic Transport Line in September, 1910, Bill was soon back at his work in the Seminary. It was on this ocean voyage that he copied the poem entitled "A Morning Prayer," which he kept among his favorite poems:

Guard me for yet another day,
For life is new with morning's ray;
And foes are strange, untrod the way,
Guard me through this an unknown day.

Gird me for this another day,
Though guarded, I must fight and pray,
Teach me to draw my sword or stay:
O gird, while guarding me to-day.

Guide me for yet another day:
Guarded and girded, yet I stray,
Find paths for me, and I obey:
Guard, gird, and guide me one more day.

Guard, gird, and guide me every day,
So when all things of time decay,
In morn of heaven, by grace, I may
Enter thy perfectness of Day.

Seminary work was completed and Bill graduated in May, 1912. About a month before this time, he had offered himself to the China Inland Mission for work in China and had been accepted as one of their missionaries. After leaving the Seminary, Bill spent part of the summer doing executive work for the National Bible Institute so that the president of the organization could take a much needed rest. On September 21 he was ordained in the Moody Church in Chicago.

For the next three months he traveled among the colleges as one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement. The list of colleges and universities which he visited occupies considerable space and bears witness to his activity during this short time. The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Virginia pictures what must have been repeated at many of the other colleges Bill visited. "Mr. Borden has come and gone. His visit was an inspiring one. His deep spiritual life, his splendid preparation for service and his absolute dedication to the missionary cause have made a lasting impression on our leaders. In his quiet and unassuming way he met our men, presented the claims of the foreign field and gave helpful counsel to the members of the Missionary Committee. The most helpful and abiding feature of his visit, however, was the quiet, pervading influence of his personality and of a life consecrated to the Master's cause. We know that our University has been blessed by having Borden in our midst and that the missionary cause has been materially strengthened."

IV. The Final Year

Bill's active service in America was finished, and the time had come for him to leave the United States for some final preparation and then proceed to China. He had been appointed to the province of Kansu in northwestern China. This province lies south of Mongolia and northeast of Tibet and contains more Mohammedans than any other province in China. Marshall Broomhall, in his "Islam in China," places the number at from two million to three million five hundred thousand. Before going to China, Bill planned to do

further studying in Cairo. On December 17, 1912, he sailed from New York on the *Mauretania.* In spite of eagerness to get to his work it caused him real sorrow to leave his own country, friends, and especially his mother and sister. Still there was nothing of this evident as he stood on the deck of the steamer that evening. He never looked better, or more calm and peaceful. He wrote at this time: "But it is not easy. There are many temptations and adversaries. Pray that I may have the strength." He landed in England and spent Christmas in the home of Mr. Robert P. Wilder in London, whence he journeyed to Cairo, crossing Europe to Brindisi, where he took a steamer to Port Said.

Arrived in Cairo Bill settled down to steady hard work of many kinds. His classes were chiefly in Arabic and in the study of Islam. Cairo, as the intellectual center of Islam, afforded splendid opportunities for just such work. Study, however, filled only a part of the time. He had the chance of doing missionary work at first hand, and he was not the man to let the opportunity pass. He saw the great Mohammedan university of the city, watched the work of the older missionaries, and helped in every possible way. He spoke at the Y. M. C. A., where he roomed at first, and took part in the English services in the various missions.

He began to wear a fez and found this simple change was sufficient to keep the natives from staring at him; for many of the people themselves, except for such a fez, wore European clothes. Later he conceived the plan of distributing Christian leaflets, called "Khutbas," throughout the whole city. Obtaining a good map of Cairo, he divided the city into sections

which were to be covered systematically by seminary students of the American Mission and himself. He paid for most of these leaflets and was active in the actual work of distribution.

To facilitate the study of the language, he moved to the home of Mr. Haasoun, a Syrian Christian. He describes his new quarters as follows: "The work of the Study Center continues to be most interesting and instructive, and now that I am here in this family I hope that my progress in Arabic will be more rapid. For while we do use a good deal of English, yet I hear Arabic constantly all around me and am given lessons by the various members of the family at meals and at any other time I wish. The flat is on the third floor of a house in the Shubra Quarter near the station and right by the tracks, but I do not mind that. Of course, there are some smells which occasionally come my way which are not to be sought after, but it is really very nice from this standpoint, as I have a room facing the north and looking over other houses which are lower, so that I get quite a view. My room is rather small for what I have in it, but as I have the use of the dining room and library as well for study and writing, it does not much matter."

On March 5, Dr. F. M. Pain of the Church Missionary Society died after a short attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Bill wrote regarding this: "An event here in Cairo has saddened us all and made me realize anew the heroism of the doctor in his everyday work. I refer to the sudden death of Dr. Pain of the C. M. S. here in Cairo, a man beloved by hundreds and filled with the spirit of Christ.

"I only met him twice, once soon after my arrival, and the next thing I knew he was dead. . . .

"His funeral, attended as it was by a great crowd of natives and Europeans, was a most eloquent testimonial of his loving faithfulness in serving the Master." As Bill left the cemetery, he whispered to a companion, "Now we must all work harder, for the night cometh."

The night was indeed coming. Bill had somewhere picked up the germ of the same disease and towards the close of March was himself in the hospital, struggling for his life. For three weeks he fought through the attack, but found himself at the close too weak to rally and passed on through the night into the light of His Presence whom he had served so faithfully. His elder sister had been with him during the latter half of his illness, but his mother and younger sister did not reach Cairo until three hours after his death.

The funeral was simple. The burial service and the 16th Psalm were read, after which two American missionaries offered prayer. The hymns sung were, "We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves," and "Face to face with Christ my Saviour."

At the age of twenty-five Bill had gone home to be with "Christ his Saviour." Seven years before, he had seen Jesus Christ in the Grand Hall on the Strand, London, and had given his life to Him. For these seven years he had faithfully walked with his Master in consecrated service. All over the world were those whose lives had been blessed and strengthened because Bill Borden had lived. There are many to-day who remember him with love for the richness of life that came to them through him. Consistently, in life and word, he upheld Christ as strong to save, and he left a trail of changed lives behind him. In his short life he

did more, through God, than most do in a full lifetime and his influence will live after him.

The secret of his life lies in his relation to Christ. He came to a time of choice and turned sharply away from many things that were attractive to him in order that Christ might have the chief place in his life. Ever after there was a definiteness about his every act that comes only to those who give themselves unreservedly to Christ Jesus. The center being right, the outreaching of his life rang true. So it was that he regarded his wealth as a trust, spending little on himself and much for others. So it was that his will is such a remarkable document, in which all of his fortune was given away for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God at home and abroad. And because of the same decision Bill's life seemed to flow out with quiet power into the hearts and lives of many wherever he went. He had ever ahead a vision of service for Him to whom he belonged, and life was full of peace and quiet even though duties and cares pressed in upon him. As was said of another young man who died in his twenties: "He was a man of remarkable singleness of heart. He lived but for one object—the glory of the Redeemer in connection with the salvation of immortal souls. Hence he carried a kind of hallowing influence into every company into which he entered."

When Bill was eight years old, Mrs. Borden had the children write on slips of paper what they wanted to be when they grew up. These slips were put away and not looked at for some years. It is still possible to read in Bill's sprawling, boyish handwriting: "I want to be an honeast man when I grow up, and true and loveing and faithful man." And because he trusted not in his own strength but turned his life over to God

to work upon as He willed, his boyhood wish came true; so that honesty, truthfulness, love and faithfulness, with the last named quality preeminent, were wrought into his very life.

And yet he was not perfect. He had his faults and none knew them better than he. Still it was noticeable that such faults as the outsider might notice were gradually disappearing and that his whole character seemed to soften and refine as the years went on. Surely Christ was molding him year by year into His likeness.

And Bill was not a genius. Things did not come to him easily. He worked hard for all to which he attained. He had no exceptional gifts, but he attained the exceptional, so that memorial services were held in many places; while his death and will attracted the attention of thousands. He became great with a greatness that resulted from his taking Christ Jesus as the Lord and Master of his life. The Master's love for all mankind was put into his heart so that year after year he pushed on to carry the message of God's love to the Mohammedans of China in the far-off province of Kansu. Surely "a prince and a great man has fallen this day," but he abides and his influence abides. Perhaps God will put it into the heart of some Yale man to take up this work for which Bill was preparing when God called him home. "Lord, with thee I am ready to go both to prison and to death."